No. 43 NOV. '92

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READERS

THE PEOPLE WHO REMEMBER ATLANTIS

CONCERNING MAMMOTHS AND PALING WALES

THE DOGS OF ART

THE SANDMAN

brief lives

TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES AND OTHER PLACES

WHEN I DREAM SOMETIMES I REMEMBER HOW TO FLY!

ANCESTRAL VOICES PROPHESYING

BORED, SHE MAKES LITTLE FROGS

WHO CONTROLS TRANSPORTATION?

written by

NEIL GAIMAN

illustrated by

JILL THOMPSON

and

VINCE LOCKE

THERE ARE NOT MANY OF THEM, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED: THE TRULY OLD.

EVEN ON THIS PLANET, IN THIS AGE, WHEN PEOPLE CONSIDER A MERE HUNDRED YEARS, OR A THOUSAND, TO BE AN UNUSUAL SPAN.

THERE ARE, FOR EXAMPLE, LESS THAN TEN THOUSAND HUMANOID INDIVIDUALS ALIVE ON THIS PLANET TODAY WHO HAVE PERSONAL MEMORIES OF THE SABER-TOOTHED TIGER, THE MEGATHERIUM, THE CAVE BEAR.

THERE ARE TODAY LESS THAN A THOUSAND WHO WALKED THE STREETS OF ATLANTIS (THE FIRST ATLANTIS. THE OTHER LANDS THAT BORE THAT NAME WERE SHADOWS, ECHO-ATLANTISES, MYTH LANDS, AND THEY CAME LATER).

THERE ARE LESS THAN FIVE HUNDRED LIVING HUMANS WHO REMEMBER THE HUMAN CIVILIZATIONS THAT PREDATED THE GREAT LIZARDS. (THERE WERE A FEW; FOSSIL RECORDS ARE UNRELIABLE. SEVERAL OF THEM LASTED FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS.)

THERE ARE ROUGHLY SEVENTY PEOPLE WALKING THE EARTH, HUMAN TO ALL APPEARANCES (AND IN A FEW CASES, TO ALL MEDICAL TESTS CURRENTLY AVAILABLE), WHO WERE ALIVE BEFORE THE EARTH HAD BEGUN TO CONGEAL FROM GAS AND DUST.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS? YOUR FRIENDS? YOUR LOVERS?

WALK THE STREETS OF ANY CITY, AND STARE CAREFULLY AT THE PEOPLE WHO PASS YOU, AND WONDER, AND KNOW THIS:

THEY ARE THERE TOO. THE OLD ONES.

BERNIE CAPAX IS ON HIS WAY IN TO WORK. HE'S A LAWYER; A JUNIOR PARTNER IN COLUM, MARTINDALE AND GRANT.

FROM TIME TO TIME HE'S DONE OTHER THINGS, BUT MOSTLY HE'S BEEN A LAWYER OF ONE KIND OR ANOTHER.

PEOPLE ALWAYS NEED LAWYERS.

HE'S THINKING ABOUT A HORROR MOVIE HE SAW LAST NIGHT ON TV: ONE OF THE VILLAINS WAS THE MARQUIS DE SADE, DEPICTED AS AN ATHLETIC, DEBONAIR PSYCHOPATH: THE EMBODIMENT OF PURE, VICIOUS EVIL.

HE'S THINKING ABOUT THE MARQUIS HE KNEW, A PALE LITTLE ASTHMATIC, TERRIBLY OBESE FROM HIS YEARS IN PRISON, WHO STARTED AT SHADOWS AND WROTE OBSESSIVELY ABOUT ACTIONS HE DARED NOT PERFORM.

COMICS SOLD HERE

CLASSIC AUTO

BABY!

HE'S THINKING OF A DREAM HE HAD JUST BEFORE WAKING, WHICH REMINDS HIM OF SOMETHING FREUD ONCE SAID TO HIM, ABOUT HOW WE DON'T SMELL ANYTHING IN DREAMS, AND HE'S THINKING HOW THAT JUST ISN'T TRUE.

LOST MISS KITTY BLACK/ORANGE COUGAR REWARD $50

HE'S THINKING OF THE MAMMOTHS HE DREAMED OF THIS MORNING, STEAM RISING FROM THEIR THICK BROWN COATS IN THE CHILL OF THAT INTERMINABLE WINTER.

IN HIS DREAM THE RANK, HIGH SMELL OF THEM HUNG ON THE AIR, AND HE WALKED AMONG THE HUGE BEASTS, FINGERS STROKING THEIR ROUGH HIDES.

POST NO BILLS

LOST

IN ITS 8TH SMASH YEAR

Cats

DANGER

DANGER!

CONSTRUCTION

Sweeney Todd

The Musical

IT WAS THE SMELL OF MAMMOTH. HE'S CERTAIN OF IT. NOTHING ELSE SMELLS LIKE THAT. HE HASN'T SMELLED IT SINCE HE WAS A CHILD...

BERNIE CAPAX REMEMBERS; ALTHOUGH AT THIS MOMENT HE SUDDENLY REALIZES HE IS UNSURE WHETHER HE'S REMEMBERING HIS CHILDHOOD IN THE STEPPES, OR HIS DREAM OF THIS MORNING, INTERRUPTED BY THE SHRILL OF THE ALARM.

HEY!

HE HEARS THE SHOUT, AND TURNS, AND LOOKS...

IT'S HAPPENING SLOWLY. MUCH TOO SLOWLY. BUT THERE'S NOWHERE TO RUN. NOWHERE TO GO.

HE CAN HEAR HIMSELF SCREAMING, AS THE WALL COMES DOWN, AND HE'S SURPRISED WHEN HE HEARS WHAT THE WORDS ARE.

"NOT YET..."

I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

IN ITS 8TH SMASH YEAR!

DANGER CONSTRUCTION

Sweeney Todd

The Musical!

I DID IT AGAIN. I DID IT A-FRIGGIN'-GAIN.

IN ITS 8TH SMASH YEAR!

Sweeney Todd

The Musical!

I'M NOT EVEN HURT.

IN ITS 8TH SMASH YEAR!

Sweeney Todd

The Musical!

WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

BUT YOUR BODY IS UNDER THERE.

IN ITS 8TH SMASH YEAR!

NO. PLEASE NO. NOT AFTER ALL THIS TIME. I MEAN, A STUPID ACCIDENT.

DANGER

The Musical!

BUT I DID OKAY, DIDN'T I?

I MEAN I GOT, WHAT, FIFTEEN THOUSAND YEARS. THAT'S PRETTY GOOD. ISN'T IT? I LIVED A PRETTY LONG TIME.

YOU LIVED WHAT ANYBODY GETS, BERNIE.

YOU GOT A LIFETIME.

NO MORE.

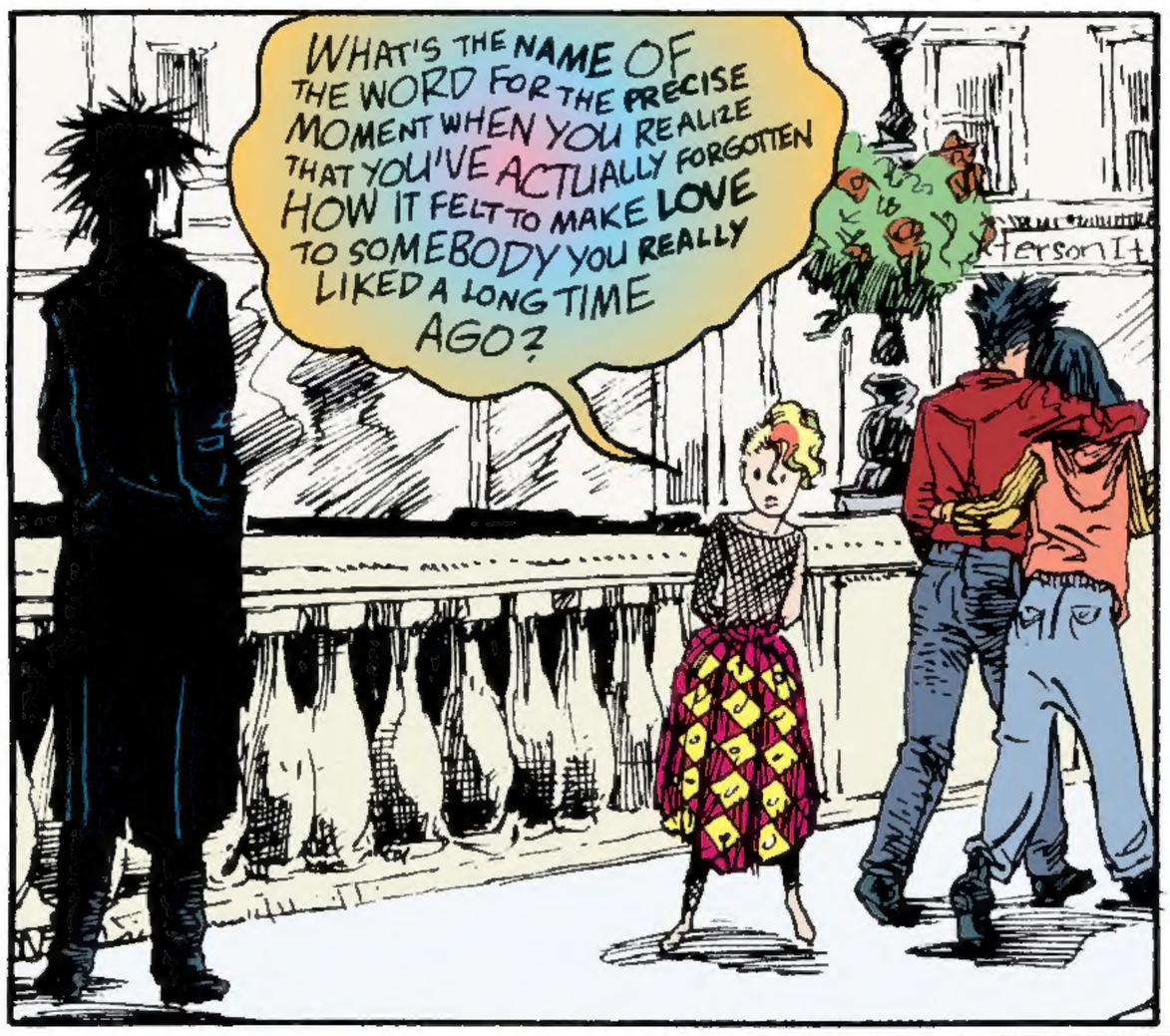
NO LESS.

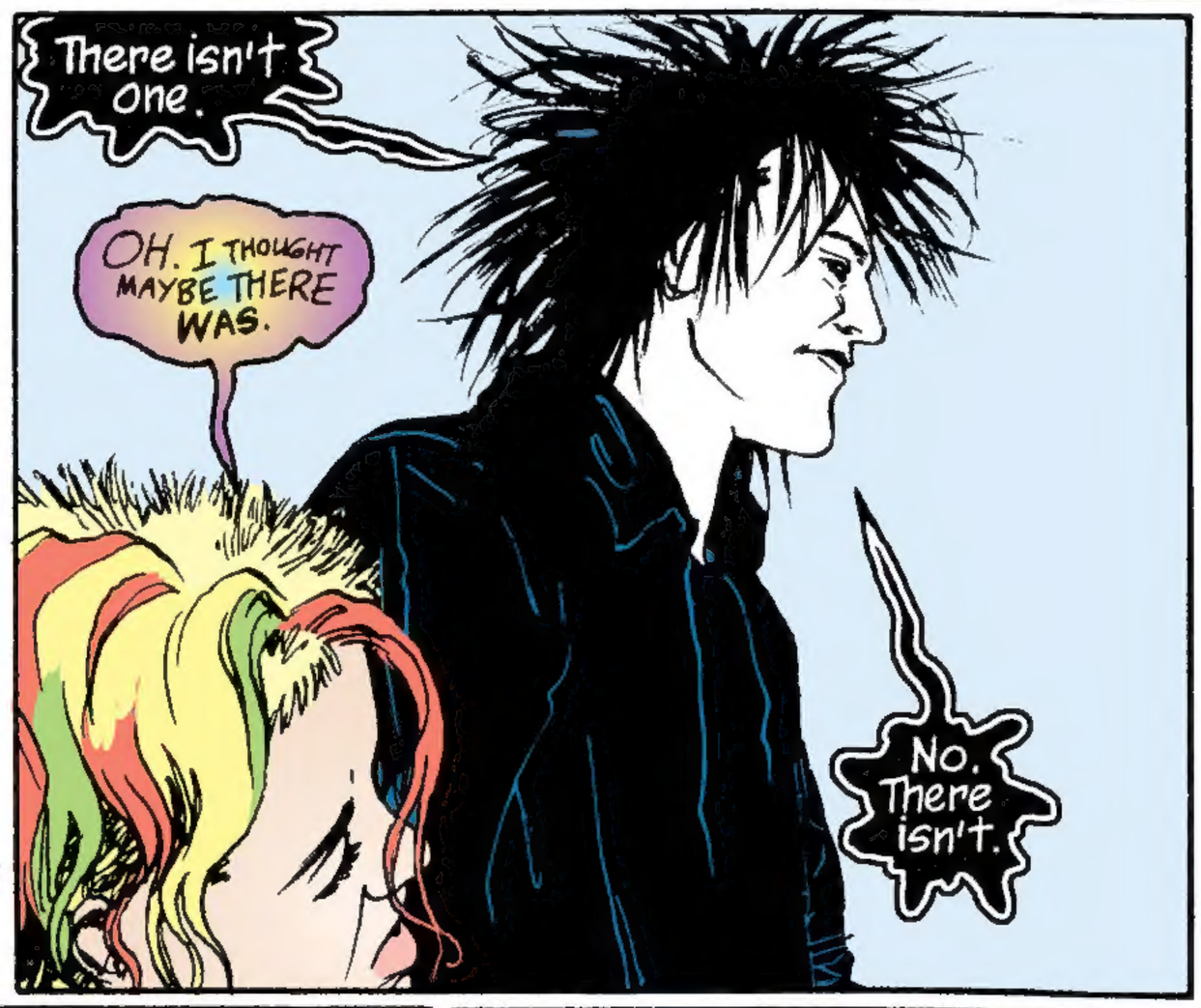
YOU GOT A LIFETIME.

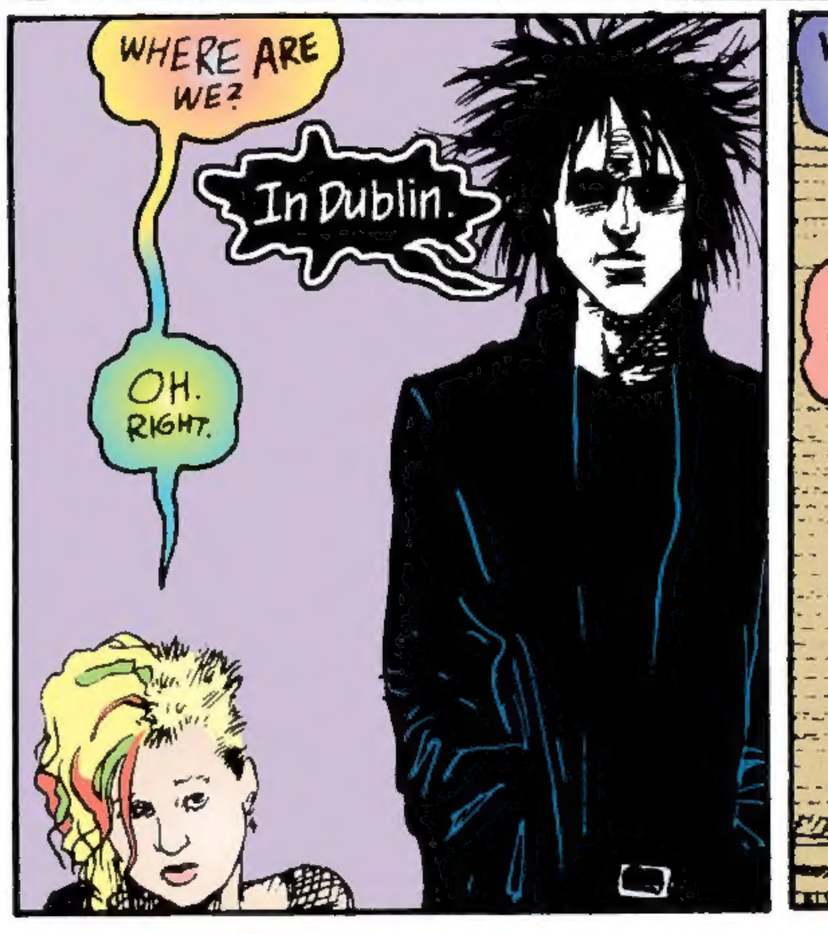
THE PEOPLE WHO REMEMBER ATLANTIS—CONCERNING MAMMOTHS, AND FALLING WALLS—WHO CONTROLS TRANSPORTATION? —BORED, SHE MAKES LITTLE FROGS—TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES, AND OTHER PLACES—ANCESTRAL VOICES PROPHESYING —THE DOGS OF ART—"WHEN I DREAM, SOMETIMES I REMEMBER HOW TO FLY."

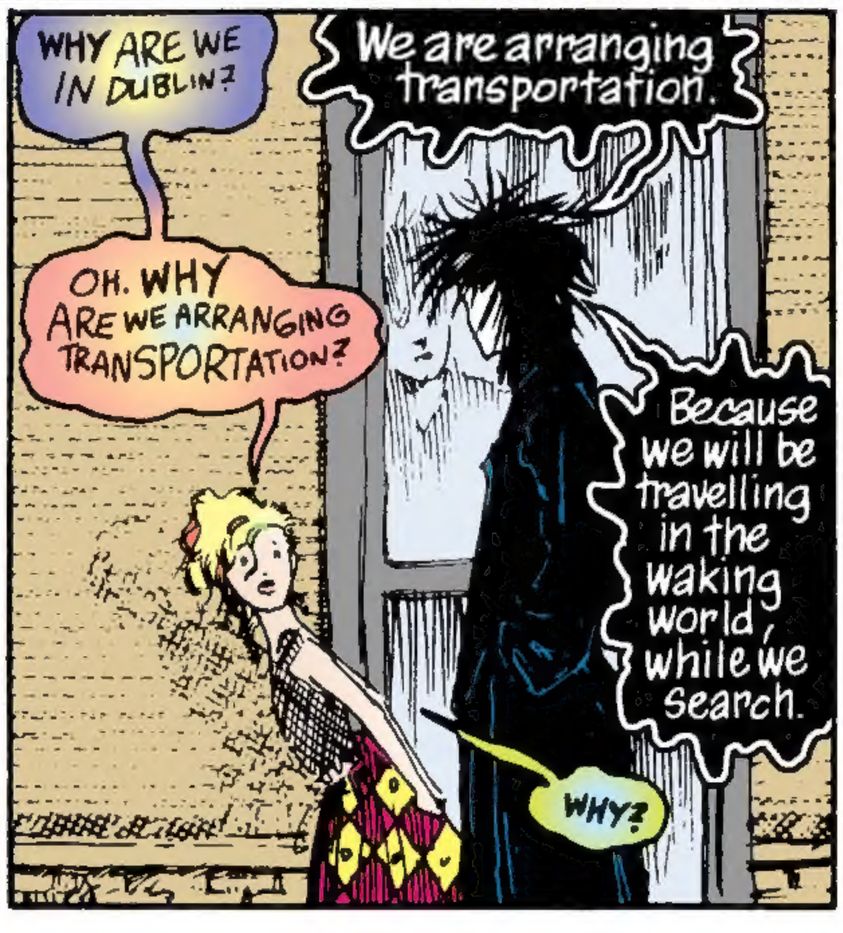
Written by Neil Gaiman; Drawn by Jill Thompson and Vince Locke; Lettered by Todd Klein; Colored by Danny Vozzo; Edited by Karen Berger; Assisted by Lisa Aufenanger.

the SANDMAN
featuring characters created by Gaiman, Kieth and Dringenberg


WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE WORD FOR THE PRECISE MOMENT WHEN YOU REALIZE THAT YOU'VE ACTUALLY FORGOTTEN HOW IT FELT TO MAKE LOVE TO SOMEBODY YOU REALLY LIKED A LONG TIME AGO?






WHY ARE WE IN DUBLIN?
We are arranging transportation.
OH. WHY ARE WE ARRANGING TRANSPORTATION?
Because we will be travelling in the waking world, while we search.
WHY?

FARRELL
TRAVEL

GOOD AFTERNOON. CAN I HELP YOU?

We will talk with Pharamond.

I'M *SORRY*? I DON'T THINK WE *HAVE* ANYONE OF THAT NAME HERE.

Who rules here?

I'M SORRY. I DON'T FOLLOW YOU.

To whom do you report? Who employs you? Who controls transportation?

WOULD YOU BE TALKING ABOUT OUR MR. FARRELL?

Yes. Call him.

MR. FARRELL DOESN'T *SEE* PEOPLE WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT.

He will see me. Please, let him know that I am here.

CAN I HAVE A *NAME*?

DON'T YOU *HAVE* ONE? THAT'S **SAD**. NOT HAVING A NAME. I **USED** TO HAVE ONE NAME, THEN I HAD TO GET ANOTHER ONE.

IF YOU **DON'T** HAVE A NAME, WHAT DO PEOPLE **CALL** YOU? I MEAN, DO THEY **JUST** WAVE AND SMILE, OR JINGLE LITTLE SILVER **BELLS** OR WHAT?

CAN I HAVE *YOUR* NAMES?

YOU DON'T WANT MY NAME. TRUST ME. YOU REALLY **DON'T**. SOMETIMES I DON'T WANT MY NAME, AND I'M SORT OF **USED** TO IT BY NOW. IT WOULD REALLY MESS YOU UP.

I'M SORRY. IS THIS PERSON WITH YOU?

I'M NOT A PERSON.

We are together. Now, inform Pharamond--your Mister Farrell--that an old acquaintance is here, and wishes to see him.

RIGHT. NOW, IF YOU SIT DOWN OVER THERE I'LL PUT A CALL THROUGH TO HIS SECRETARY FOR YOU. BUT I, Uh, *DON'T* THINK HE'S IN THE OFFICE TODAY.

He is.

Now, please call him.

SHE CALLED ME A PERSON. DID YOU HEAR?

HELLO? *AISLEEN?*

IT'S MARIE ON RECEPTION. LISTEN, THERE'S A COUPLE OF HIPPIES OR SOMETHING DOWN HERE ASKING TO SEE MR. FARRELL...

YES I *TOLD* THEM THAT... ONE OF THEM SAYS HE'S AN OLD FRIEND...

NOT MUCH...

OKAY.

ASTLE TOURS

EXCUSE ME, SIR?

I SPOKE TO HIS SECRETARY. I'M AFRAID IT'S *NOT* POSSIBLE TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT TODAY.

BUT IF YOU CAN LEAVE YOUR NAME AND YOUR BUSINESS WITH ME, AND A TELEPHONE NUMBER WE CAN GET YOU ON, I'M *SURE* MISTER FARRELL WILL GET BACK TO YOU.

Marie. I wish to see your employer. I have no intention of leaving, nor, indeed, of waiting longer.

Call back, and have the following message given to him. Tell him that we drank wine in Babylon together.

I *CAN'T* JUST...

Tell him.

AISLEEN? IT'S MARIE AGAIN... YES... WELL, THOSE PEOPLE ARE *STILL* HERE... UHUH... WELL, NO... HE'S *VERY* INSISTENT...

HE SAYS CAN YOU *TELL* MR. FARRELL THAT THEY DRANK WINE IN BABYLON TOGETHER. THAT'S RIGHT. *BABYLON.*

SHE'LL TELL HIM, SIR.

Visit beau... Tahiti

Thank you.

IS THERE A WORD FOR FORGETTING THE NAME OF SOMEONE WHEN YOU WANT TO INTRODUCE THEM TO SOMEONE ELSE AT THE SAME TIME YOU REALIZE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THE NAME OF THE PERSON YOU'RE INTRODUCING THEM TO AS WELL?

NO.

SO FAR THIS HAS BEEN A ROTTEN DAY FOR FARRELL.

LAST NIGHT AN ORGY IN ROME HAD ENDED BADLY: A YOUNG FEMALE PROSTITUTE CHOKED TO DEATH ON HUMAN SEMEN. HER BODY WAS THROWN INTO THE STREET BY AN AIDE TO THE MINISTER OF CULTURE. TWO OF FARRELL'S CHAUFFERS WERE ARRESTED IN THE POLICE ROUND-UP THAT FOLLOWED.

LOOK, I DON'T *CARE*, LEANDRO. I WANT THEM *OUT*. TODAY.

CAN WE FLY SOMEONE IN FROM NAPLES?

A LIGHT PLANE CRASHED ON A HIGHWAY IN TRIESTE.

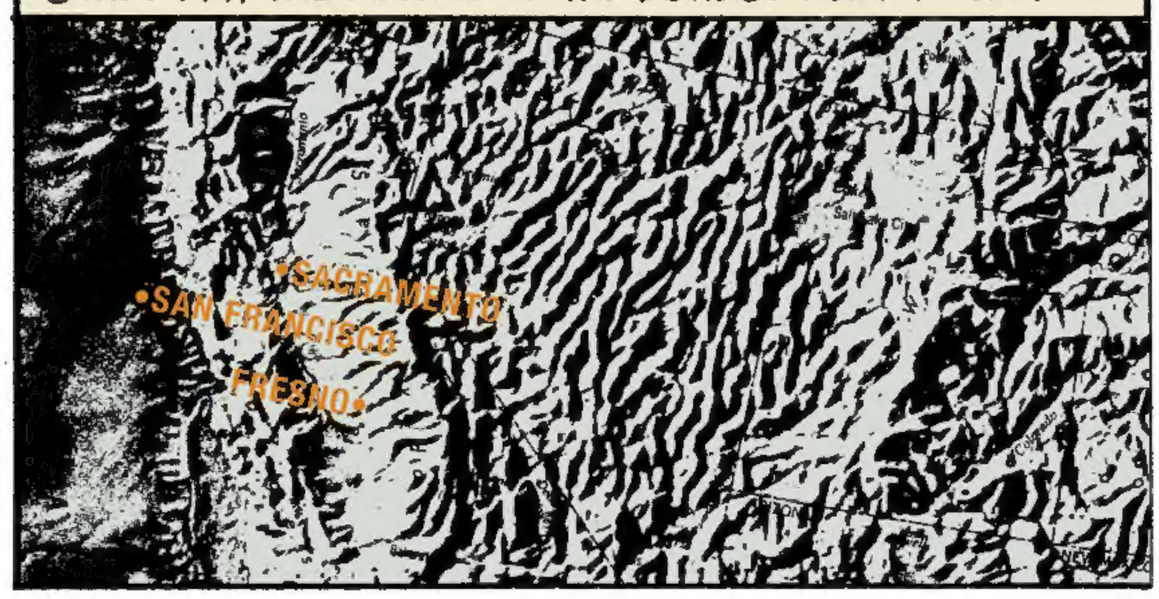
A PASSENGER 747 INEXPLICABLY FAILED TO CRASH OVER TANZANIA.

A MULE TRACK IN PARAGUAY WAS WASHED OUT BY FLOODS.

...I *SUPPOSE* WE COULD ROUTE IT TO DELHI, KHATMANDU, BANGKOK. BUT I'D STILL RATHER IT WENT BOMBAY-SINGAPORE...

THEN *PAY* THE BLOODY *BRIBE*, FOR CHRISSAKES, KARIN. THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE *THERE* FOR!

THERE'S AN AS-YET UNIDENTIFIED OBSTRUCTION ON THE AMTRAK LINE BETWEEN SACRAMENTO AND DAVIS; AND AN AS-YET UNIDENTIFIED BODY IN FRONT OF THE TRAIN ON THE LONDON UNDERGROUND HAS CLOSED DOWN THE CENTRAL LINE BETWEEN WHITE CITY AND LIVERPOOL STREET AT THE HEIGHT OF THE LONDON RUSH HOUR.



AISLEEN! WHERE THE *HELL'S* THE MEMO FROM *OSLO?*

ON YOUR DESK. UNDER YOUR COFFEE MUG.

OH. YEAH. SORRY.

HIS PERSONAL ASSISTANT TOOK YESTERDAY OFF FOR ROOT-CANAL WORK, AND THE TEMP SEEMS TO HAVE MISFILED FAXES FROM HIS PEOPLE IN SHANGHAI (CHINA), PANAMA CITY (PANAMANIAN REPUBLIC), AND TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES (NEW MEXICO).

IN ADDITION TO WHICH...

IT'S RECEPTION AGAIN, MR. FARRELL. THEY SAY THOSE PEOPLE WON'T GO AWAY.

WELL, TELL THEM TO CALL *SECURITY*. BODY AND *BLOOD*, AISLEEN, WHAT DO THEY THINK WE *PAY* THEM FOR?

MR. FARRELL. THE MAN SAYS THAT YOU HAD A DRINK TOGETHER IN SOME PUB OR SOMETHING.

I DON'T *GO* TO PUBS AND I'M NOT SEEING *ANYBODY* TODAY. THROW THEM *OUT*.

WHERE'S THAT STATUS REPORT ON ON THE BIRMINGHAM CONTRA-FLOW SYSTEM?

IN THE BIRMINGHAM FILE, WHERE IT OUGHT TO BE.

MARIE SEEMED TO THINK MAYBE YOU *OUGHT* TO TALK TO THESE PEOPLE. SHALL I PUT HER ON?

NO.

ON SECOND THOUGHTS, *YEAH*... PUT HER ON.

I'LL BLOODY TELL HER ALL RIGHT.

HULLO? MISTER FARRELL? IT'S MARIE ON RECEPTION.

WHAT THE *HELL* IS GOING ON DOWN THERE?

WELL, THERE ARE THESE TWO PEOPLE HERE, SIR.

THE MAN SAYS HE DRANK WINE WITH YOU SOMEWHERE CALLED BABYLON. AND THE LADY...

YES?

SHE'S MAKING LITTLE *FROGS*.

HE SAYS HE'S ON HIS WAY DOWN.

Good.

LORD MORPHEUS. THIS IS INDEED A PLEASURE.

Pharamond. Good day.

May I present my sister, the Lady Delirium?

INDEED. I AM HONORED. MY *HOUSE* IS HONORED. TO HAVE *TWO* OF YOUR ILLUSTRIOUS FAMILY HERE, BENEATH MY ROOF...

WORDS TRULY *FAIL* ME.

HI.

IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM, I THINK. NOW, HOW CAN I BE OF *SERVICE?*

I trust you still oversee transportation?

IN MY OWN *SMALL* WAY, YES.

A LITTLE HERE, A LITTLE THERE. I KEEP *BUSY.*

Good.

BYE-BYE LITTLE FROGGIES.

My sister and I will be travelling in the waking world. We will be needing transportation.

NO PROBLEM. YOU'LL BE STAYING ON *EARTH*, THEN? NOTHING OFF-*PLANET*? OR OFF-*PLANE*?

This Earth.

WELL, *THAT* KEEPS EVERYTHING STRAIGHTFORWARD, DOESN'T IT?

MIGHT I ASK THE PURPOSE OF YOUR JOURNEY?

NO.

AH.

WELL, WHERE DO YOU WANT TO START, THEN?

Sister? Where should we start?

HERE?

Very good. We are here. Where should we travel to now?

...SOMEWHERE THAT'S NOT HERE?

That was the idea. Yes.

I THINK WE SHOULD GO AND SEE THE PEOPLE ON MY LIST. I WROTE IT MYSELF.

Do you have it with you?

WHAT?

The list.

LIST?

Your list of those who might know our brother's whereabouts.

OH. THAT LIST.

UM. HANG ON. I'LL GO AND GET IT.

You are well, Pharamond?

OH YES. KEEPING BUSY. I'M THE LAST OF MY PANTHEON, YOU KNOW.

I know.

I SUPPOSE YOU WOULD DO, WOULDN'T YOU? I WASN'T THINKING.

DIVERSIFICATION. THAT'S THE SECRET. YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THAT. I MEAN, THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A NEED FOR TRAVEL.

Yes. For a little while to come.

NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D BE CALLING IN ON THE OFFER, THOUGH. I MEAN, WHEN I SAID, IF YOU EVER NEED MY HELP...

NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING. I OWE YOU AN AWFUL LOT. I OWE YOU MY LIFE, FOR STARTERS.

Babylon was a long time ago, Pharamond.

I'M STILL GRATEFUL. ANYTHING I CAN DO. AIR, LAND, SEA OR BETWEEN.

HERE. I FOUND IT.

I KNEW IT WAS GOING TO BE IN THE LAST PLACE I LOOKED FOR IT, SO I LOOKED THERE FIRST.

I WROTE DOWN. UM. ALL THE PEOPLE HE USED TO KNOW. THAT I EVER MET. THAT WOULDN'T BE DEAD YET.

I DON'T REMEMBER ALL OF THEM. BUT SOME. SEE?

I WROTE THEM.

SEE?

Yes. I see.

the lawyer
the ALDERMAN
Ecatin of the Second Look
the DANCING woman.

STUMBLING BACK TO WAKEFULNESS, THE DREAM ALREADY FADING INTO NOTHING, JUST FRAGMENTS, LIKE SHAPES SEEN THROUGH THICK MIST; EYES BLEAR AND HEAD AND BODY FEELING THE MUZZY NUMB THAT COMES FROM OVER-SLEEPING...

ETAIN HAD DREAMED OF A HOUSE THAT WAS, IN SOME WAY, A POEM, WRITTEN BY A POET WHO HAD KILLED HERSELF FOR LOVE, LONG AGO.

THE COFFEE IN THE PERCOLATOR IS STONE-COLD. SHE POURS HERSELF A CUPFUL OF DREGS ANYWAY, PUTS IT IN THE MICRO-WAVE, SETS THE LED FOR 70 SECONDS.

AS THE COFFEE GOES AROUND IN THE LITTLE METAL BOX, SHE REALIZES THAT THE POEM IN HER DREAM WAS BOTH BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE, AND THAT IT WAS GENUINELY IMPORTANT. SHE FEELS SLEEPILY PROUD OF HERSELF.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

SHE ADDS CREAM.

THE HOUSE *WAS* THE POEM. SHE REMEMBERS HOVERING DISEMBODIED ABOUT THE HOUSE'S EXTERIOR, WHILE THE SONOROUS WORDS LICKED AROUND HER IN MARVELLOUS MELLIFLUOUS CADENCES.

THE COFFEE IS FOULLY BITTER, BUT IT SERVES TO DRAG HER FURTHER INTO THE WAKING WORLD.

TRANSITIONS.

SHE IS ABOUT TO FIND A PENCIL AND SCRIBBLE THE POEM DOWN, WHEN IT OCCURS TO HER THAT SHE'S LOST THE WORDS.

SHE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT WAS ABOUT.

OH...

OH WELL, EASY COME, EASY GO.

SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHY SAM COLERIDGE BITCHED SO MUCH ABOUT HIS MAN FROM PORLOCK: HE GOT FIFTY-FIVE KILLER LINES DOWN ON PAPER BEFORE HE GOT DISTRACTED, DIDN'T HE?

AND THE STUFF YOU BRING BACK FROM DREAMS IS FREE.

"AND 'MID THIS TUMULT KUBLA HEARD FROM FAR ANCESTRAL VOICES PROPHESYING WAR..."

LATER, ETAIN WAS UNABLE TO CATEGORIZE THE EVENTS THAT FOLLOWED.

CERTAINLY SHE SMELLED GAS. BUT BY THE TIME SHE SMELLED THE GAS SHE WAS ALREADY RUNNING THROUGH THE BEDROOM, TOWARD THE FIRE ESCAPE.

A SUDDEN FEELING OF SHEER DISBELIEF AS SHE REALIZED THAT SHE HAD GRABBED HER PURSE FROM THE CHAIR, AND THAT SHE WAS ALREADY SHIELDING HER FACE WITH IT, AS SHE JUMPED...

A SHATTERING OF GLASS.

SHE LANDED ON THE FIRE ESCAPE, HER FACE STINGING, HER RIGHT ARM WET WITH BLOOD (THE PAIN WOULD COME LATER), AND OVER THE SIDE, HANG DOWN AS FAR AS SHE COULD--

--AND THEN LETGO.

SMASH DOWN JARRED AND SHAKEN, TO SOLID GROUND, BONES ACHING, SKIN ALL SCRAPED, BLEEDING AND JUST RUN FOR DEAR LIFE AND JUST *RUN*--

--JUST--

SHIT. THAT WAS TOO CLOSE...

ADRENALINE-GIDDY, SHE STUMBLES INTO THE K-MART.

EXIT

HOT BUY $9 - $15

SALE ITEMS

CLOTHES FIRST.

THEN SHOES.

THEN OUT.

HUM HUMETTY-HUM. DAH DE DUM...

...DE DUM DUM DOO DOO DE DUM.

I thought I'd find you out here.

WELL? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT SO FAR?

I'm not much of an art critic.

I'M NOT ASKING FOR ART CRITICISM, BARNABAS. MERELY FOR A FEW HONEST WORDS OF APPRECIATION.

Honestly? Well, the perspective's shot to Hell, the colors could be better chosen, and the olive tree on the left looks like an overgrown stinging nettle.

HMPH. WHAT THE HELL WOULD YOU KNOW? YOU'RE A DOG.

Did I ever say I wasn't?

AH, WELL, THE LIGHT'S GOING ANYWAY.

I'LL FINISH IT OFF TOMORROW.

THE COLORS COULD BE BETTER CHOSEN MY *FOOT*. ANYWAY--I THOUGHT DOGS WERE COLOR BLIND.

Yeah? That's a coincidence. I mean, looking at that painting I thought *you* were color blind.

HAHAHAHA

HAHAHAHA!

What's so funny?

YOU KNOW, BARNABAS, THERE *ARE* THOSE WHO CLAIM THAT FOR *UNQUESTIONING* RESPECT AND *ETERNAL* DEVOTION, ALL ONE NEEDS IS A *DOG*.

Hey, schmuck, *Devotion* you've got. *Perjury* isn't in the job description.

Listen! There's something happening in that room round the back.

I CAN'T HEAR IT.

Well, *you* aren't a dog, are you?

NOT AT *PRESENT*. NO.

What's *in* here anyway?

I mean, it's been locked as long as *I* can *remember*.

I TEND TO THINK OF IT AS THE *FAMILY* ROOM.

That was what I heard. That *bubbling* noise. It's that pool.

What *is* it?

IT'S...

I SUPPOSE YOU COULD CALL IT AN EARLY-WARNING SYSTEM.

I don't *like* it.

What's it warning you against?

TROUBLE.

Rrrrrr.

BIG TROUBLE.

THIS IS NICE, ISN'T IT?

WELL, I THINK IT'S NICE.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN AN AEROPLANE BEFORE?

No.

I HAVE.

CAUTION! CONTENTS ARE HOT

YOU KNOW THE BEST THING ABOUT AEROPLANES? APART FROM THE PEANUTS IN THE LITTLE SILVER BAGS, I MEAN.

IT'S LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOWS AT THE CLOUDS, AND THINKING, MAYBE I COULD GO WALKING IN THERE. MAYBE IT'S A SPECIAL PLACE WHERE EVERYTHING'S OKAY.

SOMETIMES I DO GO WALKING IN THE CLOUDS, BUT IT'S JUST COLD AND WET AND EMPTY, BUT WHEN YOU LOOK OUT OF A PLANE IT'S A SPECIAL WORLD...

AND I LIKE THAT.

THAT PERSON. FARRELL-MOND. WHAT WAS HE?

He used to be a God. When we last met, in Babylon, his sacrifices were dwindling, and many of his shrines had already been abandoned.

I merely suggested that he find himself another occupation.

OH. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD STOP BEING A GOD.

You can stop being anything.

WHAT ABOUT LIM. OUR BROTHER?

MOMMY? I HAD A BAD DREAM.

REALLY DAHLING?

I HAD A DREAM THAT I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU AND DADDY, AND I LOOKED IN THE GARDEN BUT YOU WEREN'T THERE, SO I WENT INTO THE WOODS *LOOKING* FOR YOU, BUT I COULDN'T FIND YOU AND I CALLED OUT BUT NOBODY WAS THERE.

AND I WAS *LOST*. AND I WAS SCARED I'D BE LOST FOR*EVER*.

YOU'RE A SILLY MOUSE. YOU *CAN'T* GET LOST IN A DREAM. YOU *ALWAYS* WAKE UP.

I SUPPOSE.

MOMMY'S GOING TO POWDER HER NOSE. ASK THE STEWARDESS IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU NEED.

Child?

YUH?

Your mother was wrong. You can indeed become lost, in dreams. And you may not always find yourself when you wake up.

OH. MY NAME'S CHLOE RUSSELL.

I know.

MY MOMMY CALLS ME HER LITTLE MOUSE.

LAVATORY DO NOT USE DURING TAKE-OFF OR LANDING NO SMOKING

EXCUSE ME. THE OTHER COUPLE IN FIRST CLASS. ARE THEY, UH, ROCK AND *ROLL* STARS? OR *MOVIE* STARS? OR *SOMETHING?* THERE'S SOMETHING *VERY* FAMILIAR ABOUT BOTH OF THEM.

I MEAN, I *KEEP* THINKING I KNOW THEM REALLY WELL. ESPECIALLY THE MAN. BUT I *KNOW* HE'S NO ONE I EVER MET.

IT'S LIKE, WELL, AT THIS PARTY OF RON'S--THAT'S MY EX-HUSBAND'S LAWYER--I SAW THIS *GUY* I KNEW AS WELL AS I KNEW MY FATHER. SO I SAID *HI*. HE SAID *HI*.

THEN I REALIZED I DIDN'T KNOW LIKE, WHO HE *WAS*. WE TALKED ABOUT OLD MUSICALS AND THE TROUBLE I WAS HAVING WITH MY POOLMAN, AND HE SMILED AND WAS REALLY *NICE*, BUT LIKE, I STILL DIDN'T KNOW HIS *NAME*.

YOU FOLLOW ME?

WELL, HEY, I WAS DOING A *LOT* OF COKE AT THE TIME, THIS WAS TEN YEARS AGO, THAT WAS BEFORE I REALIZED, LIKE YOU HAVE TO BE REALLY *OPEN* TO THE UNIVERSE, SO THESE DAYS I WON'T EVEN LET CHLOE DRINK *DIET COLA*, BECAUSE OF THE ASPARTAME. I DON'T *TRUST* THAT SHIT.

AH...

THE PARTY. *I'M* SORRY. EVENTUALLY THE GUY GOES AWAY. *HALF* AN *HOUR LATER*, I REALIZED. *I'D* BEEN TALKING TO *CHARLTON HESTON*.

I DON'T KNOW. THE MAN *IS* VERY FAMILIAR.

YOUR DAUGHTER WAS TALKING TO HIM, WHEN YOU WERE IN THE BATHROOM.

DARLING?

DID THAT MAN SAY SOMETHING TO YOU?

YES, MOMMY.

OH. WHAT DID HE SAY?

TRUE THINGS.

"OH. DID HE MENTION HIS NAME?"

"NO. HE PROBBLY HASN'T GOT ONE."

"DON'T BE SILLY, CHLOE-MOUSE. EVERYONE HAS A NAME."

WILL YOU TELL ME SOMETHING?

Perhaps.

WHEN I DREAM, SOMETIMES I REMEMBER HOW TO FLY. YOU JUST LIFT ONE LEG, THEN YOU LIFT THE OTHER LEG, AND YOU'RE NOT STANDING ON ANYTHING, AND YOU CAN FLY.

AND THEN WHEN I WAKE UP I CAN'T REMEMBER HOW TO DO IT ANY MORE.

So?

SO WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, WHEN I'M ASLEEP, DO I REALLY REMEMBER HOW TO FLY? AND FORGET HOW WHEN I WAKE UP? OR AM I JUST DREAMING I CAN FLY?

When you dream, sometimes you remember. When you wake, you always forget.

BUT THAT'S NOT FAIR...

NO.

HI. I'M RUBY. YOU'LL BE THE FOLKS FARRELL ASKED ME TO TAKE CARE OF. WELCOME TO THE UNITED STATES.

WILL YOU BOTH FOLLOW ME, PLEASE.

FLY

FARRELL TRAVEL

THROUGH THAT DOOR. THE ONE WITH NO EXIT ON IT...

AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY PASSES MUST BE WORN AT ALL TIMES

FARRELL TOLD ME YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ANY BAGS. HE ALSO SAID YOU WEREN'T TO GO THROUGH CUSTOMS OR IMMIGRATION. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT *COSTS* AROUND HERE? SO WHAT *ARE* YOU? THE *MOB* OR ELOPING *ROYALTY*? NO, IT'S OKAY. DON'T ANSWER. I DON'T *WANT* TO KNOW.

WELL, *HERE'S* THE CAR.

PASSES
AT ALL

FARRELL *SAID* YOU'D LIKE SOMETHING *CLASSICAL*, AND THIS WAS AS CLASSICAL AS WE'VE GOT WITHOUT YANKING SOMETHING FROM A MUSEUM.

IT'S AN ANTIQUE, BUT THEY'VE *PROMISED* IT'LL RUN FINE.

HERE IT IS.

CAN I DRIVE?

NO.

BUT I WANT TO DRIVE. I BET I'D BE REALLY GOOD.

NO.

HMPH.

SO. FARRELL FAXED ME THE ITINERARY. YOU *SURE* ARE GOING TO DO SOME SERIOUS TRAVELLING.

Yes.

I WANTED TO BE THE DRIVER.

OKAY. LET'S SEE. FIRST UP WE PAY A VISIT TO THE LAWYER, I GOT IT WRITTEN DOWN HERE SOMEWHERE...

OH YEAH. *HERE* IT IS. WEIRD NAME.

OKAY, FOLKS. HOLD ON *TIGHT*. WE'RE OFF TO SEE YOUR MR. CAPAX...

UM. WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE WORD FOR THINGS NOT BEING THE *SAME* ALWAYS. *YOU* KNOW. I'M SURE THERE *IS* ONE. ISN'T THERE?

THERE MUST BE A WORD FOR IT... THE THING THAT LETS YOU KNOW *TIME* IS HAPPENING. IS THERE A WORD?

BEATS ME, HON.

Change.

OH.

I WAS AFRAID OF THAT.

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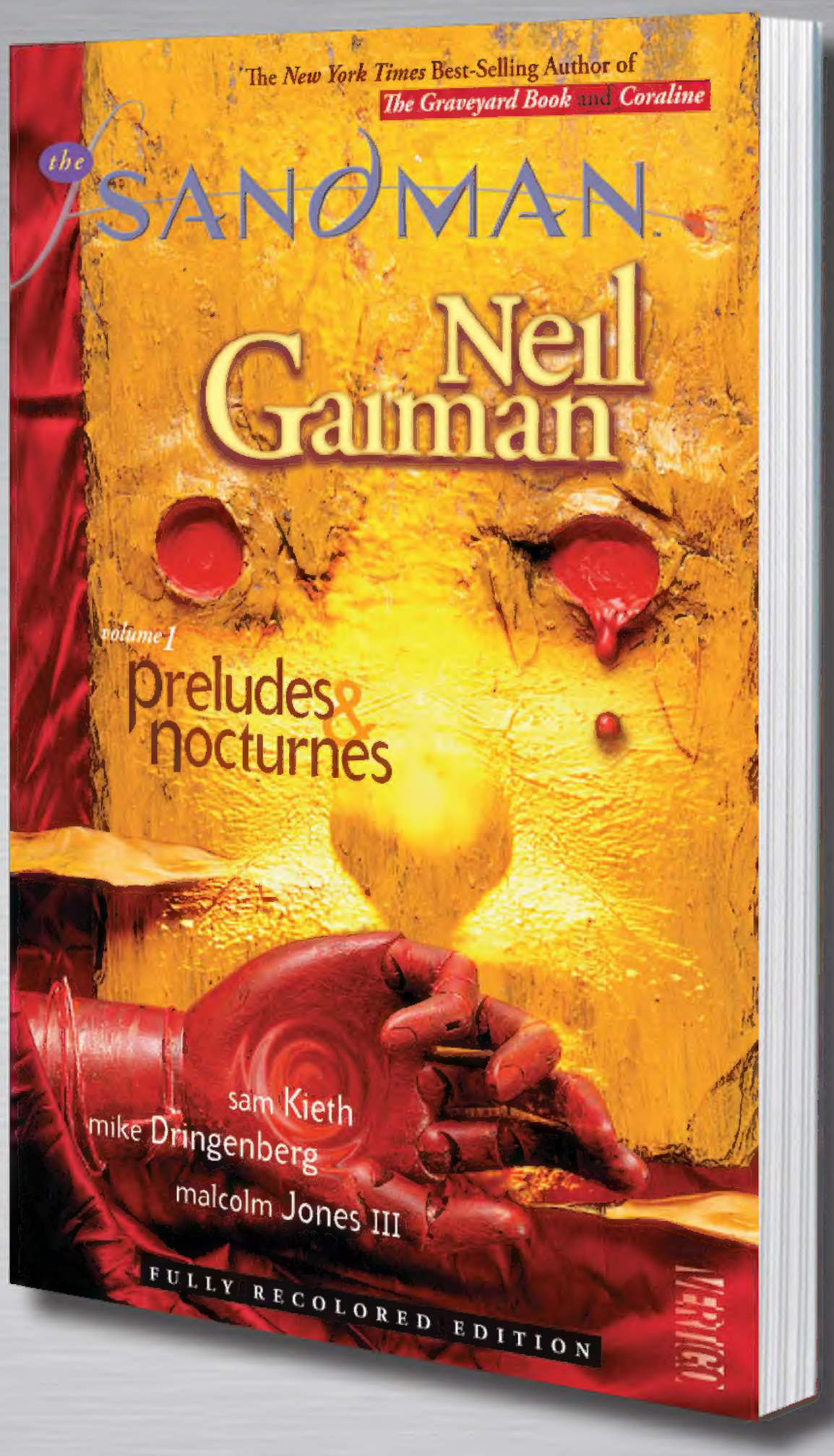

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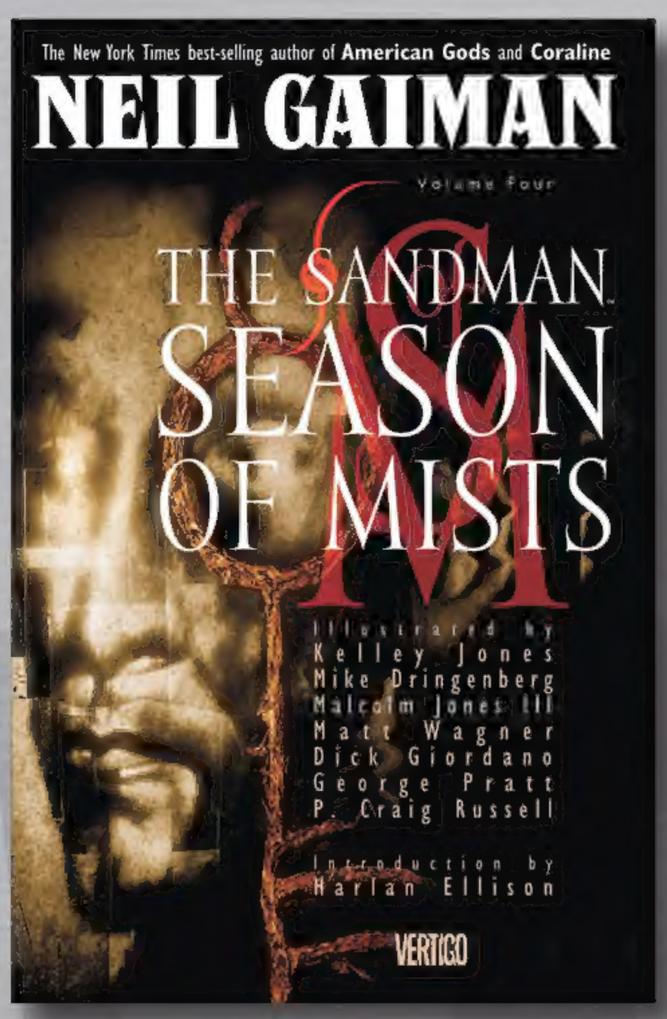

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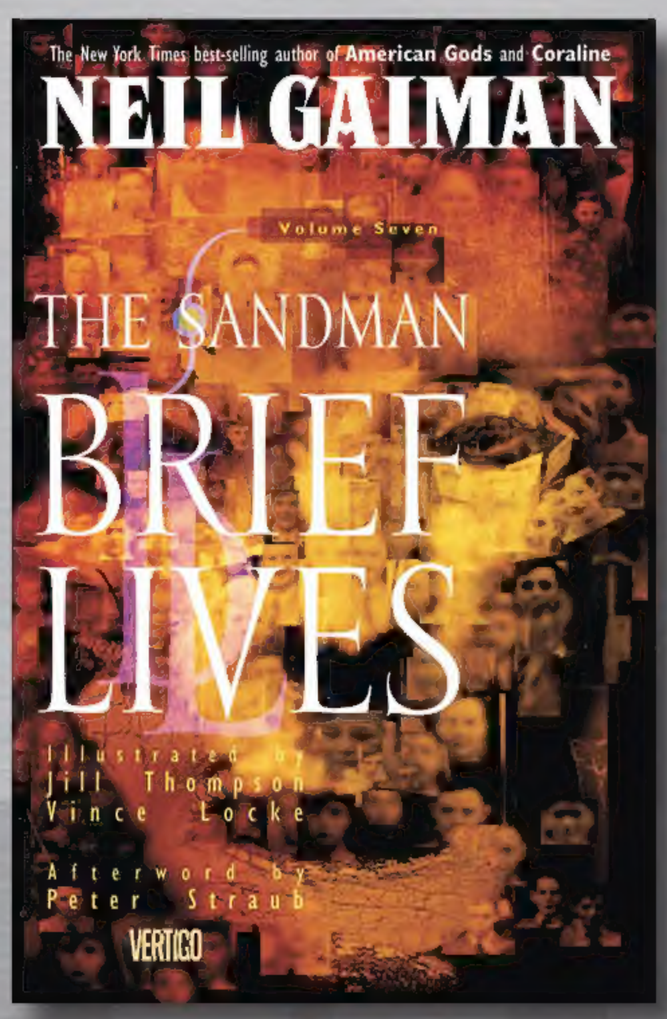

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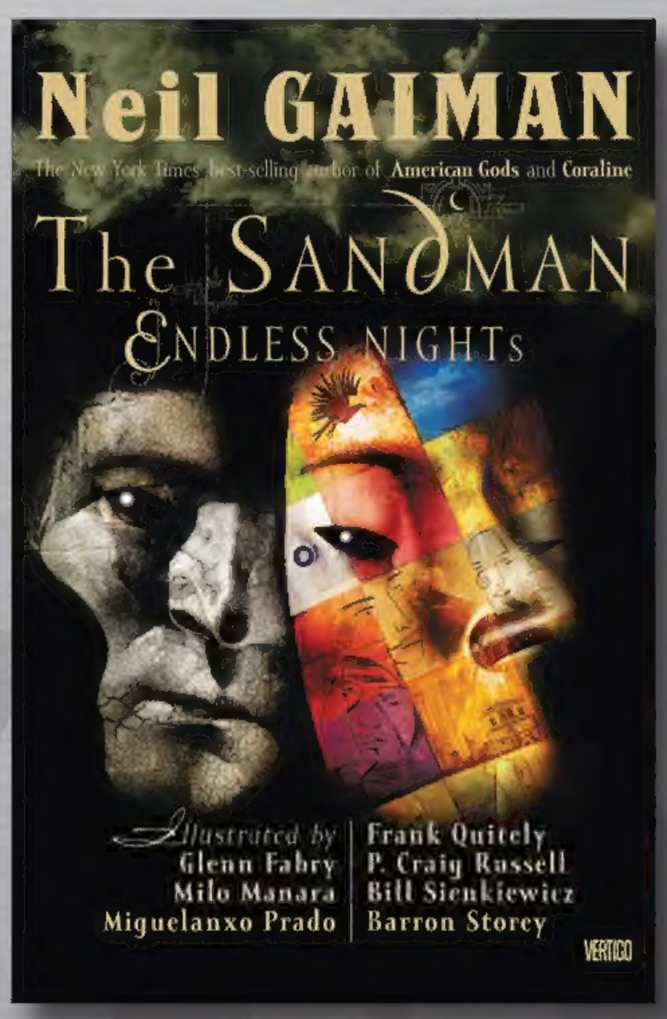

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